The
COMMONWEAL

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Committee at Work

WE HAVE never felt with any consoling certainty that work well done brought its own reward, but it seems to be a fact that when people think clearly and honestly, it does not matter much what they are thinking about—there will be a result, a precise and clean result. So that the man who writes a good book about typesetting or railroads or hunting wild geese will have a sentence somewhere about proportion and rhythm that will be on the same plane of truth with something that Cézanne would say about proportion and rhythm.

Take this passage: "Thus the practice which arose because of an evil would become the reason for its perpetuation." That could concern the influence of materials on architecture or it could be something about the origins of nationalism; it might have something to do with banks; it has the flavor of moral theology. Or this passage: "This only leaves then the matter of timing the move. Here, one would be forced to say that the time is never ripe for social reform."

It is a committee appointed by Mayor La Guardia of New York which, advancing from the particular to the general, made this rather sardonic observation as to the manner whereby evil sometimes is perpetuated and formulated this law about the permanent inexpediency of reform. On the committee were Larry MacPhail, president of the Yankees, and Branch Rickey, president of the Dodgers; there were also various judges, a Negro clergyman, Mr. Arthur Daley, sports columnist of the New York *Times*, and Bill Robinson, tap dancer.

The committee was looking into a $100,000,000 business, the baseball industry, and the reasons why Negroes are excluded from working in it. Having finished with our remarks concerning the unexpected origin of two interesting sociological pronouncements we quote the committee's conclusions:

"It has been pointed out that major league baseball draws 35 percent of its players from traditionally prejudiced Southern communities and that these players would not care to play with Negroes. . . . If Southern youths expect to come to Northern cities and compete for the honors which such communities have to bestow [the cash], it is only fair and right that they allow other youths, many of whom have no relation to these Southern backgrounds but happen to have a different color of skin, the same right to compete for these selfsame honors. . . . We believe that the only equitable solution to this problem is that individuals be treated alike and with relation to their abilities throughout organized baseball."

And throughout organized civilization.

The Atomic Bomb

THE proposals formulated by Messrs. Truman, Attlee and Mackenzie King with regard to a joint policy on the atomic bomb are good as far as they go, but they emphatically do not go far enough. What they amount to is that we shall retain whatever secrets we have until such time as the United Nations Organization has set up a special body to which they will be entrusted, and the purpose of which shall be to seek to apply atomic energy to useful purposes. Unhappily the charter of the UNO makes that body largely ineffectual and a very dubious custodian for this terrible weapon of destruction. The veto provisions hamstring the whole business from the outset. We are still threatened with all the horrors of an atomic war, and we are foolish if we lull ourselves in a feeling of false security just because a conference has been held and proposals have been made public.

It is irresponsible not to face the facts of the case. Either the UNO must be completely recast, or a new and genuine world government must be set up to replace it; if neither of these things is done, we might as well resign ourselves to the fact that some day there will be another war, the destructive power of the atom will be used not only by us but against us, our cities and millions of our people will be wiped out. This is the blunt truth, and the equally blunt truth is that neither our politicians nor our military leaders have the courage to face it. We are told that

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Russia would never tolerate the international inspection service or any actual remission of sovereignty implied in taking the steps necessary to rid the world of war. But in honesty can it be said that we have shown any inclination whatever to accept these things ourselves? Let us not place the blame on Russia for our own failure so far to initiate any of the actions which must be taken if we are to avoid disaster beyond comprehension. What an opportunity for the Republican Party and any person in it who is looking for the presidential nomination in 1948.

A Gloomy Picture

EACH YEAR at this time, on the conclusion of the annual meeting of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington, a statement is issued on behalf of the bishops affiliated with the NCWC. This year it is marked by a strong feeling of anxiety for peoples of other lands.

The authors of this pronouncement are gravely moved by the plight of the subject peoples in Russia's new "security zones." The failure of the peace to develop along the lines of the Atlantic Charter is traced to the profound differences between Russia and the western democracies on such fundamentals as the inviolability of the human person and the democratic freedoms. For this reason the United States should not act as an accomplice to what we hold to be unjust. The fact that discussion and collaboration with all our Allies should be the way to a good peace does not justify concessions not consonant with the moral law.

To be specific: there is a question whether America is fulfilling her Yalta pledge to Poland. What about the absorption of the Baltic countries? Can we do nothing about the terrible conditions which exist beyond the blackout of eastern and southeastern Europe? And witness the mass transference of populations, systematized use of slave labor and cruelty toward war prisoners in Germany, Austria and Hungary.

The United States herself has failed badly in Italy during the past two years. And in general we have fallen down lamentably on the vital question of relief. The duty of Congress to provide adequate UNRRA funds is imperative; much greater facilities must also be afforded for private relief agencies to provide direct relief and start economic rehabilitation. This is urgent. It is "not a work which can be left to some future convenient date." The bishops place the strongest emphasis on the fact that the United States must, because of her comparative abundance, undertake the major part of European relief. The basic assumption here is that "the world is one only in so far as we are brothers under God." (Concurrently with this pronouncement it is reported that more than 100 dioceses will conduct a coordinated "Food for War Stricken Campaign," December 9 to 16, which we warmly urge all readers to support. Twenty million cans of foodstuffs is the objective.)

The concern of the bishops, then, is suffering humanity. Peoples undergoing agonizing hunger and want, political and religious persecution, the loss of inviolable personal rights. They are dismayed by heavy violations of justice and by power politics which augur ill for a lasting peace in the world. They are so distressed by the current prospect that only once in the message is there an encouraging note. That deals with the constituent assembly of the United Nations Organization and "the hope that in time the defects may be eliminated and we may have a sound, institutional organization of the international community, which will develop, not through mere voluntary concessions of the nations, but from the recognition of the rights and duties of international society."

The bishops' statement makes disheartening reading, but at the present juncture in the history of the world it is difficult to see how they could have spoken otherwise.

Gabriela Mistral

THE AWARD of this year's Nobel Prize to Gabriela Mistral is especially pleasing to THE COMMONWEAL because we have, ever since the foundation of the magazine, tried to arouse public interest in the literature and culture of Latin America, of which she is a distinguished ornament. Lucila Godoy, who writes under the pen-name of Gabriela Mistral, has all her life devoted herself to the service of her country, Chile. She has held many educational and governmental posts, and has taught in this country at Middlebury and Barnard Colleges. She is at present Chilean Consul in Petropolis, the summer resort near Rio de Janeiro which was brought into being by Brazil's great emperor, Pedro II. Her special talent lies in the writing of lyric verse, and she has produced poems which it is safe to say will be read and enjoyed as long as Spanish is spoken. They have brilliant quality and are written with a sureness characteristic only of the finest poetry. And we pride ourselves on the fact that more than twenty years ago THE COMMONWEAL first began publishing some of these poems in translations by the late Thomas Walsh. Some four years ago we published a leading article on her work by Clarence Finlayson, another Chilean, in which several of her poems were reproduced in Spanish.

It is remarkable how well literature and public service mix. The history of European letters is

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studded with the names of men and women who likewise served their countries officially: from Chaucer to Paul Claudel the list is a long one, and one may add to it many distinguished Americans, Washington Irving's name being the first to come to mind. It is perhaps regrettable that this country in recent years has let this tradition lapse. Some of our more genial writers would be greatly valuable to us if our government had the wit to make use of them.

Longo Still Fights for His Freedom

JOHN R. LONGO has fought so long against the powerful Hague machine in Jersey City that it is difficult to realize that today he is only 31. The danger that he would be sent to prison by a local court on the charge (widely believed to be trumped up) that he had altered his voting record brought about, many months ago, the formation of a Longo Defense Committee with members in many states. For Longo is a human symbol of protest not only against the perennial Mayor Hague but against bossism in American politics generally.

At present Longo is out on $5,000 bail. Some two weeks ago the New Jersey Court of Pardons failed by one vote (4 to 3, instead of 5 to 2) to commute his prison sentence of from 18 months to 3 years. The day his sentence was supposed to start, November 16, Judge August Ziegener of the Hudson County Quarter Sessions court staved if off by issuing an order directing the State Attorney General to show cause at a hearing two weeks later why Longo's conviction should not be set aside and why he should not have a new trial. Longo himself submitted an affidavit to the court reaffirming his innocence and citing such elements in his trial as the withholding of the confession of perjury by his principal accuser, ignoring the testimony of handwriting experts and the like. New Jersey higher courts have already rejected appeals on the Longo case. If this latest move by Judge Ziegener fails, Longo's only hope is the United States Supreme Court.

Our "Defense" of Harold Laski

IN THESE columns on October 19 we discussed Mr. Laski's criticisms of Vatican policy in Spain. We described this gentleman as a "gadfly" and as "unfortunate," flatly repudiating what he had said on this subject. We, however, objected to the attitude of "a number of prominent Catholics" who had described Mr. Laski's remarks as "a vicious attack on the Church as such." This we deplored, on the ground that "we must ever be watchful not to allow our Faith to serve as a cloak under which we strive to smother political discussion." In an article in the *Nation* for October 27, Lawrence Fernsworth discusses "Criticizing the Vatican." Quite properly he quotes from our editorial only one paragraph. On November 9 the *Catholic Standard and Times* (Philadelphia) comments on these matters under the heading "THE COMMONWEAL Defends Harold Laski." Some defense! But evidently the editor of this diocesan weekly did not take the trouble to read the whole text of what we said on the subject, and he proceeds to impute to us things we never said, as well as saying for us precisely what we had already said ourselves. We are sending to the office of this newspaper a copy of our editorial, in order that it may learn the dangers of jumping to conclusions from reading brief excerpts out of context.

What is most amusing about the *Standard and Times* editorial is a lengthy excerpt from Cardinal Newman condemning precisely the type of liberalism which we ourselves condemn, but which has been a dead issue now for a good many years—so much so that, as one of our friends pointed out in commenting on this very editorial, only a few weeks ago no less a person than Monsignor Ronald Knox, speaking before the English hierarchy, said of Newman that he was "more of a liberal [!] than he knew, in days when liberty was suspect. . . ."

M. de Gaulle's Troubles

IN THIS issue Paul Vignaux tells how the French nation went to the polls and he is very happy that his compatriots have not forgotten that they have the right to vote and the right to tell their government what to do and that they are sovereign. But regaining their sovereignty —after defeat, after Vichy, after General de Gaulle—they now have to decide what they want: they are responsible. When they were captive they were united in wanting to be free; now that they are free they are not united because they stand now with all other free men everywhere in common uncertainty before a most uncertain future. M. de Gaulle's troubles in forming a government have been provoked immediately by the leaders of the Communist Party, but five million voters elected the Communists and so his troubles come from the nation itself. France is forming a Fourth Republic but as long as it remains a republic it will not be so very different from the Third.

While Europe Starves

SECRETARY of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson in a nationwide radio talk announced that the United States this year has produced one-third more food than in the years before the war. Next year the per capita consumption of meat in America will be 148 pounds, or 21 pounds per person more than each of us consumed in pre-war years.

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France Has Voted

The immediate background of the French political crisis.

Paul Vignaux

FOR THE first time since May, 1936, the people of France have reaffirmed their sovereignty through a general election. France has voted. But before I describe what the voting meant—it must appear complicated and confusing to Americans—I must first bring my own testimony, bear witness, and say what must be said about the people of France, my compatriots, among whom I have just returned. In poverty they have kept their self-respect; they are more open and cordial than before; they still have much common sense and patience despite a staggering lack of information concerning the world and their position in the world—despite also the pressure on their daily lives of a threefold bureaucracy. For there are no fewer than three bureaucracies, and they are all over the place: a bureaucracy surviving from the Third Republic, still healthy and useful in its medium and lower brackets; Vichy's bureaucracy which persisted strongly right up to the elections; finally a bureaucracy brought in from London and Algiers which, after France's liberation, superposed itself upon the other two. Will the French people, through the representatives they elected on October 21, 1945, succeed in controlling and mastering this enormous bureaucratic apparatus? That is the whole problem. Basically it is the same tragic problem that this nation has had before it ever since the first world war—how to create a political leadership capable of adapting French democracy to a world in so rapid a process of transformation.

On October 21, the French voter had a double task before him: he had to answer *yes* or *no* to a referendum composed of two questions; he had also to elect representatives. The plan for the referendum came from General de Gaulle who proposed a first wording of it on July 8, 1945. Simultaneously with electing their representatives, the French electors had to define by a *yes* or a *no* the powers these representatives would have. If the majority answered *no*, the representatives would form a Chamber of Deputies according to the old Constitution of 1875; in which case a Senate would be elected at some later time, and the nation would return to the legality—the legal status—of the Third Republic.

If the answer to the referendum was *yes*, the elected representatives would form a Constituent Assembly, but one—and here is the novelty—that would see its powers doubly limited. On one hand it is true that the assembly would elect the head of the provisional government, but the latter would be free to choose what cabinet ministers he desired, and his government would not be responsible to the Assembly. Furthermore, a Constitution was to be drawn up within a time limit of seven months and ratified by a second referendum.

In a radio speech, July 13, 1945, General de Gaulle sharply opposed the democratic conception—that of 1792, 1848 and 1871—of a sovereign national assembly with full powers to create a constitution, full legislative powers, and full powers to organize a provisional executive power as it might choose.

The political parties and the Resistance groups opposed de Gaulle's first draft whereupon, July 14, the General agreed to introduce into his project a broader choice: between his invention of a Constituent Assembly with limited powers, and the traditional Constituent Assembly with full sovereignty.

That is the story of the two questions put to the French people on October 21. First question: do you wish to have the men you elect form a constituent assembly? Second question, if the majority answers *yes*, do you want the powers of this constituent assembly limited as proposed by the head of the provisional government?

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Even after the referendum questions had thus been amended, the de Gaulle project, defended by the General in a speech of July 22, met with strong opposition from the Consultative Assembly. This body, formed from the Resistance Movement, was fully aware of its own weakness, and consequently was most insistent that the government should at least and at long last become responsible to the future Assembly, and it accused the referendum—sometimes most violently—of masking an attempt at a plebiscite on the person of the General himself. One member of the Assembly even said to de Gaulle: "You feel very clearly, we all feel very clearly, that the public has no interest in the text that you have submitted to us. Back of the text it's yourself, General, and you alone, that the public is looking at, just as in

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the 1799 Constitution submitted to popular endorsement the French people saw no one but Bonaparte."

De Gaulle does not like to have the ghosts of the Bonapartes evoked before the French people in any such way. His determination to place limits upon the powers of the Assembly through the answers to the referendum had placed him in a difficult position. A move by the Socialist Party, no doubt inspired by Léon Blum's subtle mind, got him out of difficulty. The Socialists suggested modifying the government's proposal by having the government accept the idea of cabinet responsibility. The constituent assembly would have the right to overthrow the government and its chief, but only by a vote of no confidence, and this two days after a motion to this effect had been made. This vote had to pass by a majority of *all* members of the constituent assembly, and not—as in other voting—by a majority of members present. When General de Gaulle agreed to this change, the Socialist Party decided to vote *yes, yes,* leaving the Communist Party to vote *yes, no* (that is, for a fully sovereign constituent assembly) and the Radical Socialists, Herriot's party, to vote *no, no* (that is, for maintaining the Constitution of 1875 and, in the event that it would be impossible to do so, then against placing any limits to the powers of the constituent). As Léon Blum saw clearly, full sovereignty for the Constituent Assembly was in accord with the instinct and desire of the French people; his personal authority, however, swayed his party, and the Socialist decision quieted the conscientious scruples of a certain fraction of the MRP.

The leaders of the CGT (trade unions) were divided: the communists and part of the non-communists voted *yes, no;* the socialists voted *yes, yes.* As for what remains in France of the traditional Right—and all the same something remains—inevitably mistrusting all representatives elected by popular vote, these men, of course, answered *yes* to the second question in order to limit as far as possible the powers of the future assembly.

It is under these circumstances that the nation voted *yes* to the first question, proclaiming the end of the Constitution of 1875 and of the Third Republic, by a majority vote of more than 96 percent, and the nation voted also *yes* in answer to the second question, this time by a majority of 66.3 percent. The situation consequently is as follows:

Legally. The representatives elected on October 21, 1945, form an Assembly which, within seven months, is to draw up a new constitution; this constitution is to be submitted to the nation by means of another referendum; the President of the French Government, elected by the assembly, cannot be overthrown, together with his cabinet ministers, except through the procedure which I have already described.

Psychologically. The nation answered *yes* to the questions put before it by the General. To some extent, therefore, back of the referendum, there is indeed a plebiscite on a man who has, in plain fact, a personal influence and authority independent of any attitude the assembly may take toward him. No doubt this authority is already somewhat limited by the determined effort made by the Socialist Party to make clear that their *yes* concerned only the text they voted on, as it is limited also by the 33.7 percent of the *no* vote in answer to the second question. For the most part these negative votes came from voters who elected communists or their allies of the "Action" group. The Communist Party and the Action group based their campaign on the defense of republican institutions. They insisted on the dangers of one-man power and they specifically denounced two elements—well known abroad—of the de Gaulle régime: the famous Colonel Passy's secret service, and the survival from Vichy of an economic bureaucracy. That campaign did not turn out so badly for the Communist Party, which, contrary to all forecasts, instead of losing ground will represent, together with allied groups, more than 27 percent of the Assembly membership.

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The Socialist Party—with its allies of the "Union Démocratique de la Résistance"—and the "Mouvement Républicain Populaire" are represented by approximately the same number of deputies. Thus three political parties share four-fifths of the seats in the Assembly and their parliamentary strength is pretty equally divided; a natural consequence is the attempt to form a three-party government.

The Socialist Party is relatively disappointed at not finding itself more powerful than the MRP and the Communist Party. Certainly the Socialists still hold the key position, but it is a most difficult one since to the Left they are subjected to pressure from the working masses which have given their support to the Communist Party, while to the Right there are the friends of Georges Bidault, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of Maurice Schuman, formerly de Gaulle's spokesman at the BBC, who have now formed a new party with as many adherents as Léon Blum's old party. It is for this reason that Léon Blum, whose importance in French political life is greater than ever before, is working to bring the three major parties together and force all three to accept the responsibilities of government.

The great number of MRP candidates who were elected was a surprise to everyone including the MRP leaders. The majority of the votes for this party came from those French people who on the political map traditionally are placed to the

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right of center. The tendencies of the movement itself remain rather nebulous: because it originated in a Christian Democrat atmosphere it most certainly possesses a progressive spirit, but it mixes with this spirit that neo-nationalism which sought French "grandeur" last spring through the occupation of the Italian valley of Aosta, together with the Gaullist hero-worship, and a pronounced taste for propaganda and "dynamism." If the movement manages to become stabilized, there will be introduced into French political life a party, inspired by Catholic ideas, more or less similar to the Center Party of Weimar Germany—the kind of political party more or less founded on religious bases which does not exist at all in English-speaking democracies and which in Europe, between the two wars, acted more as a brake than as a motor.

The Communists, the Socialists, the MRP: these are the three successful parties, the conquerors. The defeated, well, the first of them is the old traditional Right which has crumbled entirely; Louis Martin's "Federation Républicain," with the "Alliance Démocratique" of Paul Reynaud's—who did not even consider it possible to run for election.

As for Edouard Herriot's Radical-Socialists, who were slightly to the left of center, here again there is complete collapse. Their old electoral machine had still shown some strength in the September elections for departmental assemblies; it proved itself totally ineffective in the general election. The Radical-Socialists, who held on to 19.5 percent of the departmental representatives, will have only 4 percent of the seats in the Constituent Assembly. That is where they are now in spite of a brave, intelligent and noble speech of Edouard Herriot's the week before the vote. But the program of saying *no* to the first question, which was that of the Radicals, went against the popular tendency so eager for novelty, while their *no* to the second question, coinciding as it did with that of the Communists, brought down on them an anti-communist reaction which worked in many cases to inspire a *yes*.

Here, then, are the essential elements of the situation. First of all there is one man, de Gaulle, who is much more mysterious to the mass of the French people swayed by his prestige than he is abroad where people are better informed. His personal authority has been increased through his victory in the referendum. He now can play upon the difficulties existing between the three great political parties. But it is clear that the problem squarely brought forward now is one of personal power and the methods and consequences of personal power.

On the other hand there are the Communist Party, the Socialist Party, the MRP—the Big Three as people already are calling them—of the Constituent Assembly. They are linked—formally at least—by the program drawn up by the National Resistance Council, which all three accepted. COMMONWEAL readers know both the importance of this charter and its contents through my article "Unrest in France" (May 4, 1945). It is this unrest which carried the Communists to their victories, helped the Socialists and brought many Rightist votes to the MRP.

The deputies in the Constituent Assembly have an immense task before them. Not only within seven months must they establish a new constitution, but they must face financial problems which the policy of the Finance Minister, René Pleven, did nothing more than defer while it allowed them to grow worse. And they must maintain a control over the acts of a government and of a bureaucracy which both no longer have the habit of being controlled. And finally, they must create a foreign policy integrated no longer with the diplomatic and military traditions of an old Europe, but with the realities of a world desperately seeking its unity under the threat of the atom bomb. All friends of French democracy must hope that, despite the limits placed upon its powers, the Constituent Assembly of 1945 still may come to appear in the pages of history like the Convention of 1792—an Assembly of giants. In any case one can and one must greet the fact of its election as a step, a great step, toward the clearing up of the French political situation, toward the total reconquering of its sovereignty by a people who, often badly informed by their leaders, remains healthy, entirely trustful in freedom, capable of understanding a world so other than that in which it has lived its long history.

Postscript (by cable). We are now witnessing a test of strength between de Gaulle and the Constituent Assembly. With the unanimous November 13 vote in his favor to bolster him, he insisted that he had the sole right to select his cabinet and assign cabinet posts. He refused Foreign affairs, War or Interior to the Communists on the ground that their obtaining any one of these key positions would disturb the international situation. In the resulting conflict the Communists pointed to their popular strength; the MRP reasserted faith in de Gaulle; the Socialists sought to be conciliators. But the November 20 majority vote in the Assembly bound de Gaulle, by an imperative mandate, to form a government including all three major parties, which should carry out the program of the National Resistance Council. By that vote the Assembly reaffirmed its authority. An excellent answer to de Gaulle's curious speech explaining his stand, which "shocked" the CGT's organ, *Peuple,* appeared in that paper's comment: "We are about to put the representative régime to its ultimate test."

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Without Fanfares

Some reflections on the Republic of Eire

Dorothy Macardle

LONDON'S guns and sirens were loud still in my memory; the bells of Europe's liberation pealing in my imagination, when I returned to my own country, eager to discover whether anything at all was happening there. Ireland seemed very quiet, the air very soft, the people gentle in an old-fashioned way. They were troubled because friends in England, who must need a rest so badly, could not get sailing-places and come. In the Dail, Deputy James Dillon, *enfant terrible* of the assembly, was asking direct questions. Mr. de Valéra startled him, and other people, by a direct reply:

"We are a republic, if that is all the Deputy wants to know."

I caught my breath. My mind swung back through twenty-five years. "Republic," in Ireland, then, was a word of power. For all that it connoted, a boy as young as Kevin Barry could go smiling to the gallows and the Lord Mayor of Cork could hunger-strike for ten weeks and die. Our State, unrecognized by other government, had for us a living reality. At any risk, we obeyed its decrees.

To each one of us in the movement the Republic seemed the Ireland of his desire. To some, the vision glowed of a liberal, progressive State on friendly terms with the rest of the world; others dreamed of a pious island, fortress of Catholic and Gaelic traditions in a decadent and anarchic age; many hoped for state socialism; some for a great release of individual art and enterprise. By tacit consent, such differences were not discussed. What importance had they, compared with the aim which united us—to free Ireland from alien control?

Were we fanatics? I suppose most of us were, but the leaders were not. Under prolonged strain fanaticism and tenacity prove mutally exclusive. Arthur Griffith was a life-long realist and Mr. de Valéra was already showing that tenacious consistency which, with the adaptability of its forms of manifestation, caused Lloyd George to complain about "trying to pick up mercury with a fork."

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Now, elaborating his answer to Mr. Dillon with quotations from our Constitution and numerous dictionaries, Mr. de Valéra has demonstrated that, notwithstanding our external association with the States of the British Commonwealth, the status of an independent republic is Eire's status today.

Reactions were curious. He had said the same thing before, but never quite so publicly and succinctly, and the impact was sharp. From Great Britain, on the brink of its elections and with the world to watch from Potsdam to Japan, came exasperated comments, but no more. At home, outcries of a strange triviality rose up from Left and Right, labor members demanding why, then, King George signed our foreign representatives' credentials, and the Cosgrave party nervous lest our Commonwealth connection should be jeopardized. The frivolous wits of Dublin amused themselves with the situation. Mr. de Valéra's supporters smiled and said little, appreciating the combination of simplicity and astuteness, tact and pertinacity, which had made his statement possible, having made it true.

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Yes: things had been happening in Eire. Recognition of our freedom had come. Why had it come so quietly—surreptitiously, almost? And just how much and how little practical meaning has this link with the British Crown which, in conjunction with Partition, casts a shadow of discontent?

Even Mr. de Valéra strikes one, in conversation, as being dissatisfied—as if this policy of external association which he pursued for sixteen years in order to attain it for three-fourths of Ireland was not very near his heart. Enthusiasm for it, on its merits, surprises him. That is natural: he has no English blood and no reason to feel any *gradh* for the British system. He has advocated this policy as one of reconciliation: as an attempt to secure a line on which all sections of the Irish nation can stand, each making some sacrifice of its preferences, in order to advance as one. Presented in this spirit, the idea has been quietly accepted by the Irish majority, but it calls forth none of the fervent devotion which was given to the pure republican cause. Reconcilation is not an ideal for which slogans are shouted, bells pealed and bonfires lit. The

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series of measures by which, since his return from the political wilderness in 1932, Mr. de Valéra has advanced the status of Eire, have been complex and delicate. The politically minded among his supporters have discussed them acutely; the rest have said "Trust Dev.," and have been content to watch, wait and vote, re-electing his party five times without a break in the last thirteen years. British statesmen have observed his procedure with vigilance, misgiving and some respect.

With him, in the first Fianna Fail Cabinet, were old stalwarts of the republican struggle—Sean T. O'Kelly, Gerald Boland, James Ryan, Tom Derrig, Frank Aiken, Sean McEntee: men who had resisted the imposition of the Treaty in arms, who possessed the confidence of nationalist Ireland and were committed to a republican program.

They were Republicans, but the Treaty situation had been riveted upon "the Irish Free State" by a Constitution subordinate to that document —a Constitution of which certain clauses had been dictated and declared unalterable, by British Ministers. These imposed on the State a Governor-General representing the King and exercising domestic authority; allowed appeal against the Irish Judiciary to the English Privy Council, and kept in being a Senate not democratically composed. An oath of allegiance to this "Constitution" was required of members of the Dail. In addition, the Treaty permitted the use of ports and facilities in "Southern Ireland" to Great Britain in time of war, and Mr. Cosgrave's government had, by an agreement never submitted to the Dail, arranged to pay land annuities to the British Treasury.

It was the new government's duty to extricate the Irish Free State, at least, from this position of subjection and to do so, if possible, without offending any reasonable minority at home. The risk of retaliation by England had to be faced. It was a task requiring all the resources of the very gentle art of democratic leadership.

Mr. de Valéra chose the land annuities claim as the first tentacle to be loosened. By what principle of justice could the Irish people be obliged to compensate Great Britain for the return to them of their own wrongfully confiscated land? Apart from this ground, eminent legal opinion maintained that the payments had been remitted for Southern, as for Northern Ireland, by the Home Rule Act of 1920, and that the subsequent agreement had not made them obligatory. The Irish government now placed these moneys in a suspense account, while inviting international (but not Empire) arbitration on the question.

A more important imposition was next challenged. Mr. de Valéra moved in the Dail the abolition of the Treaty oath. This action was a revolutionary one and Great Britain might be expected to retaliate. Well aware of this, the Dail abolished the oath. The Senate exercised its power to hold up the measure for eighteen months.

Mr. J. H. Thomas was British Secretary of State for the Dominions. He declared that unilateral denunciation of the Treaty could not be tolerated. In June, penal tariffs were imposed on produce imported from the Irish Free State. The Irish farmers suffered. Mr. de Valéra submitted his policy to the electorate. His party was returned with a vote which, in spite of Proportional Representation, gave it an over-all majority in the Dail.

The intensive campaign for economic self-sufficiency with which this "economic war" was met resulted in Ireland's being able to feed her own population and export food to Great Britain during the world war and to send gifts of food and cattle to Europe now.

Now that the oath was out of the way, it began to appear that the external association plan could be made to replace the inferior status imposed by the Treaty. In 1933 an opportunity for dealing with the office of governor-general was seized. Although the holder of it was well-liked, the office was an affront to the nation. At a reception in Dublin, when Mr. MacNeill arrived, Cabinet Ministers took their leave. His protest took the form of publishing certain correspondence and Mr. de Valéra immediately insisted upon his relinquishing the office. The man recommended to the King by the Free State government to replace him was a veteran Republican. Mr. Donal O'Buachalla accepted the office as a patriotic service and withdrew with it into obscurity. This was one of the strange and rather sad occasions on which a very real national advance was made and yet no sense of exhilaration could be felt.

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Disregarding the "unalterable" and subordinate character ascribed to imposed clauses of this Treaty-Constitution, Mr. de Valéra continued to move amendments. The Dail passed them and the new Governor-General signed. One of these withdrew from the King and his representative the right to withhold assent to the enactments of the Free State Parliament; another deprived the Senate of some of its powers; the appeal to the Privy Council was abolished; the application of British Nationality laws to citizens of the Irish Free State was brought to an end. The Constitution began to resemble the sailor's knife when it had been given a new handle and a new blade. The clauses repugnant to independence were being eliminated, one by one. In fact, the ground

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was being cleared for a new, free Constitution. Few domestic functions in "Southern Ireland" remained to the English King. Such as remained disappeared from the Constitution in December, 1936.

When King Edward abdicated, the Irish government was obliged to make a decision. If he was not to continue, under the Free State Constitution, to be King of Ireland, action would have to be taken at once. Actually, for two days after the abdication, he did so continue. There were Republicans who wanted the Republic "redeclared," and the connection with Great Britain severed there and then. That would have given us an unrecognized republic once again, and have thrown into chaos our relations with all states to which our ministers were accredited formally by the King. It would not have been a step towards a free, reunited Ireland in a good and stable relationship with her neighbors—Mr. de Valéra's unchanging goal. He took another course.

The Dail was summoned and met on Friday, December the eleventh. By the night of Saturday two new bills had become law.

The Constitution Amendment (No. 27) Act was the last signed by a governor-general of the Irish Free State, for it removed from the king and his representative every trace of their remaining functions touching the Irish State. The signing of bills and the summoning and dissolving of parliament became duties of the Chairman of the Dail; the appointing of judges, that of the head of the Executive Council. It was sweeping in effect. It transferred to the Executive Council the rights which the king had exercised outside the Irish Free State—the right to appoint, as advised, the State's diplomatic and consular representatives, and the right to conclude on its behalf treaties with other states.

This enactment released the twenty-six county area from all that remained of subiection to Great Britain and severed the last link with the Crown. Had the Dail stopped there, a revolutionary situation would have been created and Ireland's destinies thrown into the melting-pot once more. This was averted; on the following day was passed the Executive Authority (External Relations) Act, incorporating Mr. de Valéra's long-matured policy and affirming an international relationship unique in history. It substitutes for that link with the Crown which had proved a wounding fetter upon the nation, a silken thread of diplomatic cooperation, to be used or broken at Ireland's will.

It provided that, as long as the Irish Free State was associated with Australia, Canada, Great Britain, New Zealand and South Africa, and for as long as the king whom these nations recognize as a symbol of their cooperation acted for each, severally, on the advice of its government, for the purposes of the appointment of representatives abroad and the conclusion of international agreements—for so long, that king was "hereby authorized" to act for similar purposes for the Irish Free State "as and when advised by the Executive Council so to do."

That is, the Act permitted the Irish government to permit the English King to sign the appointment of representatives which it had selected and formally to sign agreements at which it had arrived.

Finally, the Act recorded Edward's abdication and recognized his successor as "the king for those purposes."

No shred of a monarchical function within the Irish Free State remained.

Irish comment on the situation was, and still is, like Dublin conversation as described by Henry Nevinson—"ample, varied, and unhampered by accurate knowledge." The Labor Party Leader, Mr. Norton, who objected at the time to "appointing" a king, demanded, during the recent debate on the position "What will happen if the king sulks and goes on strike?"

So far, the king has not sulked. He has carried out his limited functions in connection with this State as advised by its government and has not even under the stress of the world war attempted to impede this government in any way.

These enactments finally cleared the ground for a new Constitution. It was ready within a year. Having been approved by the Dail, it was submitted to the electorate and enacted by them. "We, the people of Eire . . . do hereby adopt, enact and give to ourselves this Constitution," it declared. By December, 1937, it was in force.

It is the Constitution of a "sovereign, independent, democratic State." It takes no cognizance of the Treaty. The word "king" does not occur in it. The Head of the State is a president elected by direct vote of people. It recognizes Partition only in the provision that "pending the reintegration of the national territory," the area to which it applies shall be that of the Free State. The Irish name "Eire," as well as "Ireland," is used to designate the State. Not a comma of the Constitution would need to be altered when Partition was ended, Mr. de Valéra said.

The matter of external relations is covered by an "enabling clause"—Article 29. This opens the way for Eire to play a part as a member of any international group or league, including the British Commonwealth. It permits the government of Eire, under conditions which may be determined by law, to avail itself of or adopt "any organ, instrument or method of procedure" used by any group of nations with which it may be associated "for the purpose of international cooperation in matters of common concern."

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Such an "organ" or "instrument," in present circumstances, is the English King.

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The British Government's reaction showed a change of outlook since the early 'twenties greater than could have been foreseen by anyone living in Ireland in those bitter times. A statement issued from Downing Street affirmed, simply: "They are prepared to treat the new Constitution as not effecting a fundamental alteration in the position of the Irish Free State—in future to be described under the new Constitution as 'Eire' or 'Ireland'—as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

There was a reservation concerning Ulster, but no aggressive note was struck. Liberal-minded British must have seen the situation as a test of the boasted free, voluntary and elastic character of the British political system, and as a test, also, of the Statute of Westminster, which recognizes all the states of the Dominions as equal and free.

A few months later—in May, 1938—tookplace the happiest episode in the history of Anglo-Irish relations. By a pact agreed upon with generosity and candor on both sides, the economic war was brought to an end, and Great Britain handed back to Ireland the ports which the Treaty had left, with a stipulation for revision of the arrangement, under British control. With them, was remitted the Treaty demand that the Irish Free State should afford Great Britain facilities on the soil of "Southern Ireland" in time of war.

"The government of Eire and the government of Great Britain, being desirous of promoting relations of friendship and good understanding between the two countries . . ." the terms of the pact began.

The Irish flag was hoisted at Cobh and Berehaven with a ceremony as unostentatious as it was brief. Irish agriculture quickly felt an improvement. The distrust of centuries began to dissolve. But it is probable that, even then, Neville Chamberlain did not realize the far-reaching effects of what his Government had done. If, when war broke out, those ports had been held by Britain, and Eire thus forcibly made a belligerent, a violent surge of anti-British feeling would undoubtedly have been aroused; pro-German activities would have taken the guise of patriotism; an Ireland torn by civil and international war would have suffered irreparably and would have been a danger to the Allies. In consequence of the British action in withdrawing from the ports and remitting those "facilities" and, throughout the crisis, in respecting the neutrality of Eire, the answer to the jesting question, "Against which side are we neutral?" was never in doubt. Fighting men and laborers and large supplies of food and cattle left Eire for Great Britain in a constant stream.

Goodwill has been created and, in spite of certain ill-timed outbreaks of prejudice from war-weary Britons and from sections of the press, remains. We speak freely about our Republic and touch off no hostile guns. Its critics are here at home: "de Valéra's fairyland Republic" and "the shadow without the substance" it has been called.

But the opposite is the truth. We had the Republic of our will and vision from 1916 to 1923, but it struggled unsuccessfully for recognition and a stable place in the international scheme. What we have today is substantial: a status and a Constitution: a freely-working democratic state.

If we are not yet contented it is because two limitations remain. A section of our territory is excluded from freedom and our fellow-nationalists in Ulster still suffer raids, arrest and imprisonment without trial as we did twenty-five years ago. That is one reason why the bells of liberation are not yet pealing here. Another reason is that our relationship with the Commonwealth is unique and complex and, both at home and abroad, is often misunderstood and considered more imperfect than it is. In one way or another, time will probably remedy this.

Time, I think, is on our side in Ireland. Democratic principles have been locked in mortal combat with tyranny and have so far prevailed. Irishmen who labored and fought with the Allies are coming home. We shall learn more about the war and realize how great was the strain which respect for our neutrality stood. We may see democratic institutions sponsored and fostered abroad, where coercion formerly prevailed. Great Britain has often had leaders whose championship of freedom stopped short at the Irish shore. That has not been the case with the men who lead her today. Our pessimists and cynics expect to find no great change in the tendency of the strong to exploit weaker peoples, but some of us believe that it will appear.

We believe, too, that, when an Irish Republic in external association with the British Commonwealth of Nations is an active entity in the world of tomorrow, its architects will discover that they have builded better than they knew.

Cities

SISTER M. MATTHIAS

JERUSALEM is the type of heaven. We are preparing to live in a celestial *city*. It is one of the mysteries of God's dealings with us that heaven is compared with a large, busy city rather than with the clean width of pasture carpet that the country has to offer.

God wishes His relation to us to be one of

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fatherhood. If God is my Father, and God is your Father, then we see with joy that we are brothers. And if we are brothers, we would wish to live close together and enjoy communication with each other. Living so, we plan our work and our produce to complement each other's. And when our numbers grow, we have a city.

Though less ideal motives may have caused men to congregate together in modern cities, it has nevertheless been true that in such places wonders have been worked through man, by God their Father. It was not in the rural soil of Galilee that the seed of Christ took root. But in the city of Rome, where Roman brothers, freshly draped and bathed, mixed in crowded forums with their less impeccable Jewish townspeople. It was underground, in inadequate passageways, that the Holy Ghost was received by the early Christians, just as the twelve and their Mother awaited Him, close together in the Cenacle at Jerusalem.

After the fall of Rome the lamps of city life went out. The seed of Christian brotherhood grew because it had been planted and watered; and it was best nurtured in the cells of monasteries, where brothers "lived together in unity" (Rule of Saint Augustine).

But it was not until God's harvest of all this toil—when He again gathered men into cities and towns, that the fruit of the vine appeared—in the communally erected cathedrals—chairs for God, that He might come and recline among His children.

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In the stir of modern cities there is no space for God, we hear it said, there is no time, no quiet, no freshness. How can He be there? Where is love? That is where God is. Love is in the hearts of the men and women of those crowds. A heart can open to God an infinite resting place, while being shoved to the rear of a trolley. And there is a soul-silence that thunders in God's ears and reduces the screeching of Mammon and Machine to an inaudible sigh. Neither does God need time. All of us, in city or country, have one thousand four hundred forty minutes a day to give to God or to the world, or to the devil. We do not need more time; we need to do a little transferring. As for freshness, God turns with ecstasy of love to the jaded heart that asks Him to come, leaving the pure lily in the field to nod and bow in the comparative insignificance of vegetative life.

That God has dwelt in the hearts of men in modern cities is shown by our canonized saints from cities: Saint John Baptist de la Salle, Saint John Bosco, Mother Cabrini. Though Saint Bernadette seems to have brought the Immaculate Conception to the earth in the chasteness of the countryside, Franz Werfel tells us that Massabielle was the town dump-heap. Mary was concerned alone with the purity of the child's heart.

In the untrammeled countryside we see the primitive beauty of God's creation; in the squalor of the city we see the greater wonder: the regeneration of the human race through Christ. For, though squalor is not to be accepted, saintliness is often found there, and under the hard lines and cold eyes seen in faces in the slums can be found evidence of the Holy Spirit's renewal of the face of the earth. "The pageant such as only gods can witness much," the pursued buck leaping out of the forest and taking the tide in Robert Tristram Coffin's poem, is seen in every lifetime in the city: the Hound of Heaven dogging footsteps in the public streets.

There is in city-dwellers a magnanimity that is good and elevating to encounter. This largeness of heart comes of admitting so many brethren. There are tall brothers and small brothers, and dark ones and light ones, rich and poor and evil and good. The real city-dweller jostles them all, and does not ask questions. His neighbor has the freedom accorded otherwise only by God—amounting to a respect for his free will that grants him the moral responsibility to find the true goal of life. Your Christian city man surely tries to be an apostle, but he is not guilty of rash judgment because he knows he sees too many parts of human acts to be able to see the whole of each. It seems to me that this amounts to a greater degree of charity than has his rural brother.

This also gives him a larger view for his own living. He sees the possibility of an infinite variety of action within the scope of moral rectitude. The daily actions of his life do not then resign themselves to small, tight compartments, dictated by regional or society conventions, within the limits of which he must move. Nor does he expect his life, or the life of his neighbor, to present always that perfect *exterior* of the trim little suburban cottage. He has that "divine levity" of which Franz Werfel speaks. It opens his heart to more of being—and thus to more of God.

Communications

LIBERAL CATHOLICS

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: The term "liberal Catholic" is not commonly found in Catholic publications, writings, or sermons, but it is an expression that is becoming widely-used in non-Catholic circles to describe a certain kind of Catholic. Offhand, one can recall its being used to describe such persons as the late Monsignor Ryan, Dr. Francis E. McMahon, Bishop Bernard J. Sheil,

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the editors of THE COMMONWEAL, and the members of the Catholic Committee for Human Rights, the present French ambassador to the Vatican, Jacques Maritain, and the men who steer the course of the NCWC's Social Action department.

According to a recent edition of the Brooklyn *Tablet,* that publication receives numerous inquiries as to just what a "liberal Catholic" is. The energetic guiding spirit of the *Tablet,* Mr. Patrick Scanlan, undertook in his regular weekly column to define the term. What follows in italics is the definition he offers.

A "liberal Catholic" is a new and meaningless—from a religious viewpoint—title.

It is useful to remember that the word "liberal" is used to describe a Catholic, not to describe a man's Catholicism. Mr. Scanlan is correct in saying that there is only one Catholicism, not several degrees of Catholicism. You either is or you ain't. However no one I know of uses the term "liberal" to describe the theology a Catholic subscribes to. Maritain and Mr. Scanlan himself both accept the dogmatic and moral teaching of the Church, although their views on almost every social and political topic are poles apart. The views of Maritain have often been described as "liberal"; there have been adjectives applied to Mr. Scanlan's social views, too, but not nearly so consistently. Perhaps this is because of a certain belligerence on the part of those who belong to the school of thought Mr. Scanlan so adequately represents. The "militancy" of this school may have been responsible for leaving their fellow-Americans with the opinion that their social and political views and attitudes are the only valid expression of Catholicism in the political order. If this is so, their "militancy," aside from misrepresenting their fellow-Catholics, has succeeded in misrepresenting Catholicism itself. It is indeed unfortunate if the non-Catholic world is of the opinion that the Ryans, the Sheils and the Maritains have wandered from Catholic orthodoxy to the extent that their politics are "liberal."

It is our experience that it ["liberal Catholic"] is used to designate a Catholic who concedes certain doctrines of his faith—perhaps all of them—are open to challenge. He admits, or by his silence agrees, that one religion is as good as another, that the Church is oversevere in some of her doctrines, that the Barque of Peter should get modern."

This simply is not true. There are Catholics who fit this description, but their political views range from complete indifference through bellicose Coughlinism to membership in the Communist Party. Almost without exception the Catholics commonly described as "liberal" are men of indisputable orthodoxy. There are among them lay-people, priests, nuns and even Bishops. Several of the most persistently labeled "liberal" Catholics are members of the Society of Jesus, an organization, which, whatever may have been the charges brought against it, has rarely been accused of harboring heretics.

It is probably the tendency to defend their faith by the sword of reason and to approach their non-Catholic neighbors with a degree of Christian charity in the arena of political debate, that has confused Mr. Scanlan and his friends of the chip-on-the-shoulder school.

The fact behind the fiction that Catholic "liberals" urge a modernizing of the Barque of Peter, is probably the coolness with which they have received certain sprinkled-with-holy-water, redolent-of-incense authoritarian political régimes. The fact that the supporters of these régimes have presented them with an overwhelming belligerence as valid, indeed, as the *exclusive* expressions of Catholic political thought, has dramatized any Catholic opposition to them.

Likewise the so-called "liberals" have vigorously opposed all manifestations of the fascist mentality in our own country, especially when these movements hid behind the label of "militant" Catholicism. They have felt that these movements betrayed not only the interests of the nation but also the interests of the Church.

The "liberal" Catholics have insisted that the fortunes of the Church are not tied to totalitarian régimes; they have further stated that it is impossible for real religion to thrive in a Caesar state. Recent history would seem to have added weight to this opinion.

Although their methods may have radically differed, the opposition to communism among the "liberals" has been as wholehearted as that of their more belligerent fellow Catholics. It is interesting in this connection that it is the "liberal" COMMONWEAL, not the *Tablet,* which calls down the wrath of *Pravda.*

It is also interesting to conjecture what the fascistic behavior of some Catholics will mean to the ultimate strength of communism. The fascists of Europe once swelled their ranks with Catholics by the appeal of an anti-bolshevist crusade. It is not beyond belief that communism will succeed in swelling its ranks by the appeal of an anti-Catholic-fascist crusade.

All these things, besides a love of truth, of reason, of charity and of democracy, have helped to formulate the method of opposition to communism adopted by the "liberal" Catholics. The mentality represented by Mr. Scanlan seems incapable of understanding any political struggle on a level beyond the brawl.

Then he often feels called upon to belittle the Pope or show his superior attitude by looking down on the clergy, the laity, or any genuine Catholic activity. If the Popes or Bishops speak out on a current topic he feels duty-bound either to oppose their views or water them down.

I can think of no instance where a "liberal" Catholic belittled the Pope: I doubt if Mr. Scanlan can either.

Catholics of all stripes and hues have disagreed with Bishops speaking on topical questions. I doubt seriously that Mr. Scanlan agreed with the opinions Bishop Hurley expressed prior to Pearl Harbor. It is more likely that he found himself in sympathy with such men as Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque, and Bishop Shaughnessy of Seattle during the isolationist-interventionist struggle.

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"Liberals" are not the only ones to disagree with bishops. The criticism of Cardinal Mundelein after his "paper-hanger" speech and of Bishop Sheil when, forthrightly, he spoke out on the Coughlin movement, did not come from "liberal" Catholics. Again it is not too many years ago that the home of the Archbishop of Detroit was picketed by a group of very un-liberal Catholics.

Far from belittling the Holy Father, some of the "liberal" Catholics first came to national attention when by preaching, teaching, and writing they enthusiastically publicized the social encyclicals of the Popes. No group of Catholics has more consistently upheld the teachings of recent Popes regarding totalitarianism, racism, democracy, and the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

If Mr. Scanlan cares to investigate he will find among the "liberals" guiding spirits of the liturgical movement, the agrarian movement, and outstanding men in every Catholic effort to concretize the principles of the Papal social encyclicals.

The Catholics called "liberal" emulated the Holy Father in their opposition to anti-Semitism and every form of papal-condemned racism. This is not to say that "liberal" Catholics are the only ones to heed papal teaching; it is to point to the ridiculousness of the charge that they belittle the Pope and that they feel duty-bound either to oppose his views or water them down.

Mr. Scanlan might ask his Jewish friends if the "liberal" Catholics have "watered down" the Papal attitude toward anti-semitism; he might ask his Negro friends whether the "liberal" Catholics have shared the Holy Father's attitude toward racism and his concern for the colored Catholics of America. Let him ask his union friends whether the "liberal" Catholics have "watered down" the Papal teaching on organization, wages and hours, conditions of labor.

The "liberal" Catholic and Mr. Scanlan would not agree on what constitutes a genuine Catholic activity. The "liberal" does look down on every activity that smacks of bigotry posing as "militant Catholicism."

It may be manifestations of this minority-group-inferiority-complex, chip-on-the-shoulder mentality, so enthusiastically supported by Mr. Scanlan and his paper, that he has in mind when he speaks of a "genuine" Catholic activity. It is not the understanding of the "liberal" Catholic that anti-red mass meetings which whip thoughtless kids and tight-lipped viragos into frenzies of bigotry against all who disagree with them, is a "genuine" Catholic activity; nor do the "liberals" support with any enthusiasm Catholic activity which reduces Catholicism to a negation by its emphasis on protestation. Perhaps I am doing Mr. Scanlan an injustice, he may have some other kind of activity in mind, but I can think of no other kind of activity "liberal Catholics" look down on that might be called "genuine" and Catholic.

He can see bad in all things Catholic and good in all things anti-Catholic.

What Mr. Scanlan probably means is, he can see bad in *some* things which are called Catholic and good in *some* things which are called anti-Catholic. Any other interpretation makes the statement patently a falsehood. Even Mr. Scanlan with his penchant for extravagance would hardly accuse any group of seeing bad in everything Catholic.

Modifying the charge from "all" to "some," the charge disappears. As long as Catholic activities, publications, and movements are directed by men and not angels, there will be a possibility of seeing "bad" in them; as long as so-called anti-Catholic activities, publications and movements are run by men and not devils, there will be a possibility of seeing "good" in them.

He is the essence of tolerance for the defamers of religion but cool to the champions of it—he does not like the latter's tactics or maybe their pronunciation.

It is perhaps true that the "liberals" remain tolerant in their dealings even with the defamers of religion. This is simply a charge of Christian charity and a technique of apostleship as old as Christianity. It certainly is no charge for one Catholic to bring against another. But Mr. Scanlan implies more than that tolerance which is another word for Christian charity. He suggests that "liberals" applaud the defamers of religion and make life difficult for its defenders.

It should be unnecessary to remind Mr. Scanlan that it was not the "liberals" among Catholics who until the eleventh hour were among the apologists for Mussolini and admirers of Hitler. It was not the "liberal" Catholics who welcomed Gerald L. K. Smith to their midsts. It was the "liberal" Catholics especially who bore the brunt of Senator Bilbo's charge that "some of them are rotten." Again Mr. Scanlan is reminded that it was the "liberal" COMMONWEAL which was attacked by *Pravda* and its local echo, *The Daily Worker*.

That the "liberals" are cool to some self-styled "champions" of religion and why was discussed in an earlier paragraph. This coolness to a certain brand of "militant" Catholicism is shared at least by the Archbishop of New York and the editors of the Jesuit weekly *America,* both of whom commented on it within the past month.

There has been no coolness toward the type of championship of religion offered by Jacques Maritain. That has come from other sections of Catholic thought. It might be well at this point to remind Mr. Scanlan that the work of "liberal" Maritain for the faith was specifically applauded by the Holy Father. The Pope's words and his blessing were reported by the NCWC News Service to which the *Tablet* subscribes.

The snide remark about pronunciation smacks too much of appealing to racial feelings to deserve comment. It is likely though that men bearing the names of Dunne, Murphy, McMahon and Ryan would not find the pronunciation Mr. Scanlan has in mind either strange or offensive.

He is at home with the critics of religion but always scary of the exemplary practitioners thereof.

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This is the kind of shadowy charge that Mr. Scanlan excels in. It might be answerable if an example of both genera were given. As it stands it is a piece of meaningless rhetoric.

He believes that Catholics and the Church should always be ready to compromise and that apologies should be the first order of the day.

This is another charge that can be made against certain Catholics who are to be found in all ideological camps. It is a variation on Mr. Scanlan's first statement. It may be worth pointing out, though, that those who urge that Catholic institutions abandon Jim Crowism, which no one denies is a compromise with the Catholic spirit, that those who urge a full acceptance of the Papal social teachings, a complete participation in the liturgical life of the Church, and a wholehearted sense of responsibility in international affairs as promulgated by the Papal teachings on peace, are, more often than not, counted among the "liberals."

He accepts racial and religious freedom in theory as something noble, but advocates it in practice for everybody except Catholics.

This is not true, and Mr. Scanlan should know it is not true. What he means is: he expends his energy advocating racial and religious freedom for others as well as for Catholics. With his partisan, sectarian approach to every subject, Mr. Scanlan simply cannot understand this. He libels the "liberal" only because he cannot understand him.

JOHN COGLEY.

Arlington, Va.

TO the Editors: I agree heartily with the position expressed in your editorial entitled "Where It's Always Open Season" which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL of November 2, 1945, on page 61.

The Brooklyn *Tablet* seems to state (a) that there is no such thing as a liberal Catholic paper and (b) that "the liberal Catholic" is willing to compromise or question the Church's authority on faith and morals. This attitude is most unfortunate and reveals an ignorance of the meaning of the term liberalism.

A liberal man, I take it, is one who is free from narrowness and bigotry, who believes in the democratic way of life rather than in monarchy, aristocracy or fascism, and whose understanding flows from the activity of a broad, intelligent and enlightened mind. When employed in this sense, liberalism and Catholicism are not antithetical. Such liberalism does not imply in the least that the Church's teachings on faith and morals are compromised or questioned. Thus, the liberal Catholic is just as loyal to his Church and to her teachings as is his illiberal brother. The life of the late Monsignor Ryan, for instance, was a splendid affirmation of true Catholic liberalism.

The sooner the *Tablet* recognizes that there is no conflict between Catholicism and liberalism, the more enlightened will be that phase of its editorial policy.

WILLIAM T. MATTHEWS.

The Stage & Screen

The Rugged Path

THE HISTORY of this Playwrights' Company production by Robert E. Sherwood, starring Spencer Tracy, was so much in the public prints before the New York opening, I think everyone in the house must have known the play had been re-versioned, abandoned, resuscitated, and generally doctored right round the road. But even without the plethora of rumor and releases, it seems to me that the grim over-and-over rewriting must have been obvious. There is hardly a speech in the piece under three minutes long, and out of a series of twelve curtains, a good number descend upon a kind of movie-still of the scene and characters—a system which generally proves that a director has been at the desk rather than a playwright. And a Hollywood director at that. Mr. Sherwood is concerned here with a confused liberal, foreign correspondent, Morey Vinion. Returning from Europe in the midst of the London blitz, Vinion begins his search for faith editing his hometown newspaper; refuses to recant on an editorial advocating lend-lease to Russia at the time of her entry into the war, for which editorial his assistant is fired; resigns his job; enlists in the Navy as cook; is torpedoed in the Philippines, and finally ends as a guerrilla captain on one of the islands where he dies leading the defense of a strip of beach. The final business takes us back to Washington, where we opened, and where the President is awarding him a posthumous medal of honor. All this is done into a dozen scenes, built on a repetitious revolving-stage scheme by Mielziner, all far too long.

There is, I think, no doubt that Mr. Sherwood's story and his chief protagonist are fairly typical. Certainly daily and weekly reportage over the past five years have underlined that the most enlightened American soldier will generally be a man on an ideological quest—for something he is not quite sure is really there. And in civilian life this hero is no less recognizable: the chap leaning to the left, very often holding jobs slightly to the right, earnest, puzzled, successful, and always always extremely popular. It seems to me that it must surely be historically accurate that the great movers and defenders of democracy will have been men of at least a few enemies. And will be today. Perhaps that is really what is wrong with Mr. Sherwood's play: that, aside from the general one of the war, there is no real conflict in it. Everyone agrees with his Morey Vinion, everyone respects him, and everyone, on the stage at least, listens to him. He is a kind of true-to-life photograph making one endless speech.

For the determined fans of Spencer Tracy, of whom I am one, I do think the evening offers some rewards. Mr. Tracy is as skillful as always, and as nice and attractive. It is hard to imagine anyone else handling his enormous part as ingratiatingly. The rest of the cast fits, including Clinton Sundberg, Clay Clement, Ralph Culli-

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nan, although I thought Rex Williams in the rôle of the editorial writer either woefully mischosen or else way off his beat last Monday. (*At the Plymouth.*)

Are You With It?

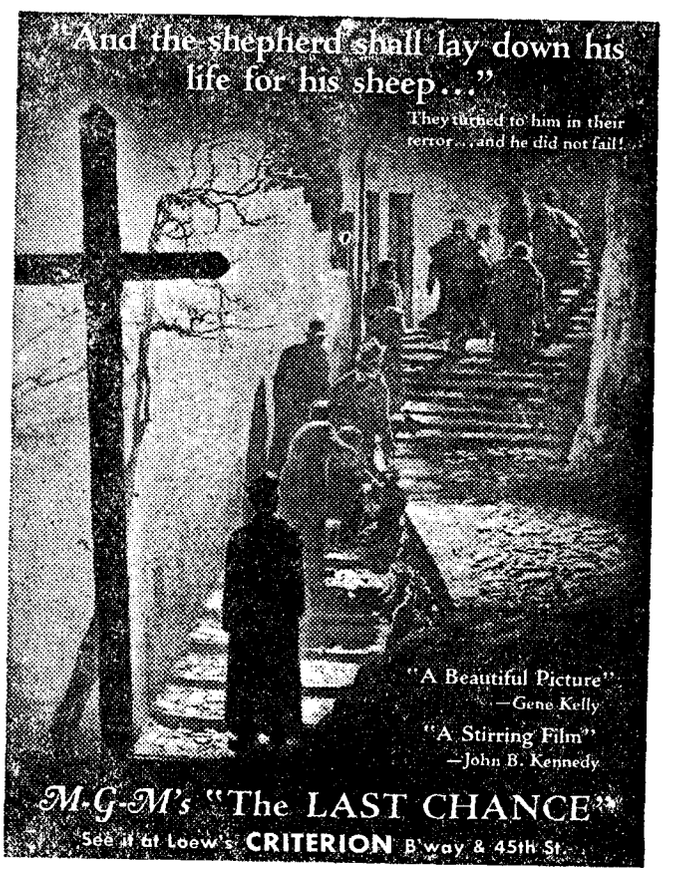
I WANT to say at once that this department takes extreme pleasure in the dazzling circumstance of recommending a musical. Richard Kollmar's and James W. Gardiner's show is neat, gay, airy, with (astonishingly) some sense, lots of music, and no mike. My only small carp will be that it has too much in it, a feature which will not, I think, disturb anyone but myself. Basing their book on a novel by George Malcolm-Smith, Sam Perrin and George Balzer have conjured a mad tale of the doings in the Nutmeg ("Can You Afford To Die?") Insurance Company in Hartford, Conn., where through the error of one decimal point, committed by their hero, they are able to hinge the whole business to a local Traveling Carnival, and from then on out, clowns, clerks, actuaries and GIRLS are very very busy indeed. I was most of all struck by the overall excellence of the dances staged by Jack Donohue. Everyone on the stage, including the chorus, can step, and by this I mean complex amusing stuff with no brainless routine. The costumes by Willa Kim, after designs by Raoul Pene Du Bois, display style rather than extravagance; the music, although frankly derivative, is singable; the lyrics, if somewhat slangy, are bright; and the playing is surprising as well as nice. Lew Parker emerges from radio to give a minor Durante reading to his part of a Carnival Barker, but with plenty of flavor of his own. Johnny Downs's interpretation of the mathematically aberrant young hero lends a certain vague Harold-Lloydian appeal to the rôle, together with some fast tap and an agreeable voice. And Joan Roberts suddenly demonstrates that she can dance far better than she can sing, can handle dialogue with a really astute pace, and is all round as valuable as she is attractive. I also very much liked Jane Dulo as the funny girl, Dolores Gray as the articulate vamp. It's for everyone. (*At the Century.*)

State Of The Union

THE SEASON'S first straight hit, Howard Lindsay's and Russel Crouse's new comedy, has not been and will not be bettered, I should say, for some time. In their spread of quotes and accolades advertised in the daily papers the critical facts are accurately stated and I only wish I could add something special to the list. However, I am afraid this review can be little more than a general and joyous repeat, but it is a great thing to find oneself exactly in the middle of the majority for once. Generally speaking then, the play is serious and seriously witty, the performances mainly match, the direction by Bretaigne Windust is precisely sensitive, and Raymond Sovey's four settings advance him even further in the file of this department's cheer-box. All good, I should say it is the acuteness of the writing which is most pleasing, most responsible for the success. In their presentation of a young aware airplane manufacturer (a Republican), who finds himself accepted as presidential timber by a number of party bigwigs in spite of the fact that his ideas do not hew to the party line, whose quondam mistress works for him politically while his wife works for him humanly, the authors have indeed nailed our times, and their conclusion is not only heartening but even, one hopes, will seem logical down to the last standee. I should call the business the most accurate picture of a modern marriage I have seen and in the presentation of this theme, as well as the major one, there is an excellent amount of craft at work. Every line tells, every other line is a laugh, people come on and off necessarily, nothing and no one is extra or contrived. When one evening newssheet mentions that it would like to use this script as an editorial, I agree, but only if the piece were emphasized as a *theatrical* service in the cause of fair government. The thing is theater as well as sense.

The producers' careful casting leaves only one-half a quibble in the determined Hepburn-Connecticut accent of Ruth Hussey's reading of the wife. The part is the surest and easiest of all and I think Miss Hussey is wrong so to decorate it, together with the fact that she is surely certain enough in her own power not to wish to play the mimic. Other than this, Ralph Bellamy, Myron McCormick, Kay Johnson, Minor Watson, G. Albert Smith, Maidel Turner, Aline McDermott all prove, even augment, the authors' purpose. This will be the best of the street any night in any week for a good many months, I think. (*At the Hudson.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.


"And the shepherd shall lay down his life for his sheep..."
They turned to him in their terror... and he did not fail!
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—Gene Kelly
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M-G-M's "The LAST CHANCE"
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No Fear to Tread

WHEN I SAW *"Yolanda and the Thief!"* there was a whole row of bobby sockers behind me. I wasn't particularly surprised that they wriggled nervously all during this unique picture because its fantastic story is obviously over their heads. But when they said that Fred Astaire is too old, then I grew indignant. Too old for what? He certainly never danced better and his suave charm is still very much in evidence. Furthermore he fits perfectly into this story which is for and about adults —except for the heroine who is childishly naïve, and that's where the fun comes in. Yolanda, played with a lovely softness and distinguished air of good breeding by Lucille Bremer, has been raised in a convent in this mythical South American country. She firmly believes that everyone has a guardian angel. When she goes out into the world for the first time on coming of age, and suddenly has to manage the enormous estates and fortunes that are hers, she prays to her angel for guidance. So naturally when this innocent miss is confronted by that smooth crook from the United States, in the guise of Fred Astaire, she believes his story that he is her guardian angel. At first Fred, assisted in this angelic chicanery by another but less brazen crook (Frank Morgan), has his eyes mainly on Yolanda's 72 millions. But then the girl's winning ways and his own conscience work on this master mind and Fred finds himself dancing through the most adult dream sequence ever thought up by the movies. It shows the influence of the psychological director Eugene Loring and dancer Astaire. Two other dances follow later: one winsome number that Fred does when Yolanda appropriately hands him a harp, and a big production affair with Astaire, Bremer and chorus aided by startling technicolor effects. In fact the camera work and color throughout this film achieve a beauty seldom attained in musical pictures. But as I've said this is no ordinary musical. Its songs by Arthur Freed and Harry Warren are light and pleasant. Its script by Irving Brecher is a sheer delight, without the usual concessions to moronic audiences whom film makers hope to lure into a theater. No doubt Jacques Thery and Ludwig Bemelmans, who wrote the original story, deserve much of the credit. Again and again the Bemelmans touch is evident, not only through this South American version of a never-never land but in incidents that combine lush extravaganza with absurd realism. Director Vincente Minnelli deserves credit too for his delicate handling of a theme that never gets maudlin or precious—or even confuses Heaven "with a gypsy tea room." My two favorite performances, in all this generous movieful of Grade A cream, are by Leon Ames in an excellent characterization whose identity you should learn through the course of the story, and Mildred Natwick as Yolanda's wacky aunt. Miss Natwick's wonderful delivery of lines steals every scene in which she appears; and the episode in which she turns to a sumptuous banquet table that has just been rolled in and apologetically invites Astaire to share pot luck, will have even dignified adults rolling in the aisles. Producer Arthur Freed should get a medal from the State Department for this splendid excursion in Latin-American good will, and from all grown-ups who at last can enjoy a musical movie that was made especially for them.

Two other new musicals this week fall into standard patterns with shady ethics to which typical movie audiences no longer bother to object. *"The Dolly Sisters"* is vaguely based on the career of the famous dancing team from 1904 when they came here as little girls from Budapest until sometime in the '20's, when as big girls they were the toast of New York, Paris and London. Burned toast, indeed! The picture uses good old songs like "The Vamp" and "Darktown Strutters' Ball" and good new songs, some bright technicolor and the various wiles of Betty Grable and June Haver to put over the entertainment of the period. But its story, at first the routine struggle for success and later a silly attempt at rationalizing divided loyalties, is unbelievably dull. The film has to spend so many of its non-musical moments in trying to be convincing about people who have no sense of values and in straining for a happy finale that it would have been better to drop the plot in the first reel. Jenny Dolly (Grable) marries Harry Fox (John Payne), who according to this version composed "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." Comes the war. Harry joins the army. Jenny returns to Rosie (Haver). They go to Paris where they're a tremendous hit. After the war, Harry wants Jenny to return to N. Y. with him. Poor Jenny is all torn asunder. She can't leave Rosie and the act. She divorces Harry, is about to marry a duke, is hurt in an auto accident, etc., etc. Some of this is based on fact. Most of it is distorted. None of it is interesting. But one scene is genuinely moving: Payne, sitting at a piano in one of those old vaudeville acts, as the has-been composer being applauded by a remembering audience while he plays the film's theme song, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows."

"Masquerade in Mexico" isn't a straight musical, although it has a couple of good song-and-dance numbers put over mainly by Dorothy Lamour who looks very fetching in a series of 1946 costumes. It is really a comedy-farce about an American dancer (Lamour) and the three men with whom she gets involved: Patric Knowles as a rich banker who hires her to vamp the bullfighter with whom his wife is infatuated; Arturo de Cordova as the very amorous bullfighter whom we never see in the ring, no doubt because he's so busy pursuing females; George Rigaud as a diamond thief, the cad who got the dancer into these foreign entanglements. Most of this is ordinary stuff that moves slowly, but every now and then it is brightened by unexpected bits of humor in characterization that rate a chuckle. Mikhail Rasumny's genial take-off of a Mexican taxi driver who likes to sing while working, Knowles's trying to defend the dancer who is posing as a countess, de Cordova's accurate satire of a slightly absurd and obvious Latin lover. Unfortunately the plot gets itself so involved as to who loves whom that it requires one of those diagrams we used to make when studying "A Midsummer's Dream." Since not even one of this film's authors is Shakespeare, they get out of the tangle by employing the modern device known as di-

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vorce. This makes things awfully easy, because then the married man of reel one can turn out to be the heroine's intended by reel eight. What would the movies do without the institution of divorce?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

The Skalds: A Selection of Their Poems. With an Introduction by Lee. M. Hollander. Princeton. $2.75.

THAT there is a definite connection between the stress of action and the pattern of verse has very recently been demonstrated by Mr. Karl Shapiro's "Essay On Rime." The tranquillity in which recollected emotion becomes poetry is interior; there is no compulsion to wait upon peaceful exterior circumstance. Much of the world's greatest verse is "war-poetry": Indian, Israelite, Greek and Arab literature abound with examples of epics and medieval Germanic equivalents were the eddas and sagas. Now the American-Scandinavian Foundation of New York has underwritten, and Princeton University Press has published, this profound and learned study of the Icelandic Eddic lays. In his delightful introduction to these selected poems of the Skalds—most of which were written in praise of famous warriors—Dr. Hollander, of the University of Texas, analyses the various metres. The alliterations, the alternating internal assonance and rimes, the strict adherence to syllabic stress, the various endings, the multiplicity of accepted stanzaic patterns, the *drottvaett,* or court measure, the especially stately *drapa,* and the slight *flokkr* (considered so insignificant that it might never be dedicated to a powerful lord) are learnedly, but also amusingly and lightly, explained and illustrated. After telling of Snorri Sturluson (an odious character, murdered in 1241, but himself a great skald, the first literary historian of Iceland, and author of a textbook on *Skaldskaparmal*—poetic speech) Dr. Hollander discusses in great detail a baker's dozen of skalds, of whom three were authors of erotic, rather than heroic, verse. The friendships between the skalds, their squabbles, their relations with their lords or kings, the battles they reported—for all served as early war-correspondents—make amusing reading even for the completely ignorant; and for any student of old English, old High German, old Saxon or any of the Scandinavian languages, this book fills a gap and is absolutely required reading. The change from the worship of the Norse Gods to Christianity in Olaf's reign is dramatically versified by Hallfred, and most interestingly brought out. One verse only can be quoted, but the whole poem—a proof of conversion required by Olaf—is tremendously powerful:

> Barred and banned is heathen
> blot* in Olaf's household
> all of us must shun the
> olden rites of Nornir†
> and forsake now Svidri's
> sacrifice for the rood-tree
> Niord I am bound to abandon
> bowing to the white Christ

*blot: heathen blood sacrifice
†Nornir: the Norns, the 3 fates

Fairyland and Heaven

"Really and truly?" the child, with a sure instinct for reality, is likely to ask of any story. But in his delight in fairy tales there is no contradiction to this, for the heightening of the imagination in the tale of wonder but reveals with greater clarity the eternal conflict between good and evil and the triumph always of good.

In THE ADVENTURES OF THE REDCROSSE KNIGHT, Sister Mary Charitina* has retold the story of the beautiful Una and her Redcrosse Knight (the first book of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*) for children from eight to twelve. Boys and girls alike will be fascinated by their battles with dragons and evil knights, their escapes from the wiles of wicked Archimago and false Duessa, their visits to the House of Pride and the House of Holiness, and the many other adventures through which knight and lady win their way to their joyful wedding. The author has managed to capture in simple words not only the plot but much of the flavor of Spenser's beautiful allegory, so that children may come to know and love one of the great classics of English literature, and look forward to reading the original when they are ready for it.

NEW SIX O'CLOCK SAINTS, by Joan Windham,** is a collection of true stories about real people—saints. Here is St. William of France, who was a very Cheerful man; St. Irene of Hungary and her husband, John the Beautiful, each of whom had a different and successful Plan for serving God; St. Veronica who was told by Our Lady that she only needed to learn three letters to be a Nun; St. Walter of Holland, who was a Noble Knight; St. Gladys who was a Swashbuckling Freebooter before she became a Christian, and many other Saints whose stories will delight both boys and girls and tell them more about God and their Faith.

*$3.00 (forty colored illustrations by Jeanyee Wong)
**$1.75 (illustrated by Caryll Houselander)

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The closeness of the Northern kingdoms to each other is astonishing. Skalds from Iceland thought nothing of visiting Aethelstan in England, or the thanes of the Pentland Firth. The extent to which the Baltic was a link, and not a barrier, is surprising, the distances covered not by kings and armies, but by pilgrims and poets, are quite staggering. Whether Vineland *was* America is still uncertain, but even if he did not cross the Atlantic, the average Icelander of the tenth century put in a great deal of European travel in a busy life. Mr. Shapiro himself may be proud of such literary and linguistic forebears, and Dr. Hollander's profound study is rewarding even to the average American of today—by Norse standards so unlettered and so untraveled!

ANNE FREMANTLE.

America Is West. John T. Flanagan. Minnesota. $3.75.

THE publishers of this anthology say bluntly: "The middlewest has produced the most vigorous, the most original, and the most influential literature written in America." If this somewhat sweeping statement is true, and this middlewestern reviewer would not think of challenging it, then John T. Flanagan, who teaches American literature at the University of Minnesota, was fully justified in editing this anthology. In the book's 677 pages, eighty-four authors are represented. They range in time from Louis Hennepin, writing about the buffalo country in 1683; to Henry Wallace delivering an address on Lincoln in 1944. Included are such general topics as folklore and legend, the Indian, explorer and traveler, the small town, and the city. No other editor would make exactly the same selection that Mr. Flanagan has made, but it is impossible to deny that he has done yeoman service. In one of the better anthologies of the year he has made midwestern literature proud of itself.

As indicative of his judgment, the editor declares unequivocally that he considers William Allen White as the "ideal middlewestern writer" because even though White's writing "lacked artistry and charm . . . it possessed ample candor and strength, qualities that typify the region for which White served as spokesman." Before anyone will label such a statement ridiculous, this reviewer suggests that the person read White's tribute to his seventeen-year-old daughter, killed in an accident in 1921. It is American prose at its very best; if you don't believe this statement read pages 569-573 in the anthology, and then try to experience a feeling of condescension. It will be very difficult, to say the least.

PAUL KINIERY.

The Bach Reader. Edited by Hans T. David and Arthur Mendel. Norton. $6.00.

THIS is a scholarly and useful presentation of the life and significance of this giant of music. Here we have a "portrait outline" of the composer's life (43 large pages), his life in his own writings and other documents (153 pages), Bach by his contemporaries and the immediately following generations (131 pages) and the rediscovery of the master by Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and less well known musicians (29 pages). Much of this has never before been available in English, the editors say in a preface. An appendix for the musician and student, exhaustive bibliographical notes and a thorough index round out the work.

By way of warning only, if we may reach for a comparison, the present reviewer (no Bach specialist) must admit having been more entertained by Marcia Davenport's narrative life of Mozart. Of course, the publishers would say we're not publishing our book about music as light entertainment. Quite so. This Bach "in Letters and Documents" (sub title) must inevitably find a place on a handy shelf in all schools that seriously teach music, in libraries where a good representation of music is wanted and in the homes of many a secret or boastful music lover.

It is in one of the finer strata of book production. Plentiful illustrations: of the Bachs, of places identified with the noble cantor, of performances and instruments in his time, and facsimiles of manuscripts and early editions. A black binding, with red and gold. It is certainly a book worth, to many, many times the three-dollar novel of 1945. It costs only twice as much.

JOHN BRUBAKER.

The Gauntlet. James Street. Doubleday. $2.75.

THE Gauntlet tells the story of London Wingo's troubled triumph as a Baptist preacher in Linden, Missouri. It is Wingo's first church, and we view the difficulties which confront him and Kathie, his wife, and the ways and means by which they surmount the local prejudices and entrenched self-interest of the community. The author indicates his awareness of the preacher's shortcomings and is at pains to admit the congregation to a share of justice. The vicissitudes of Wingo's ministry are meant to mark his development from an inexperienced neophyte to a mature clergyman, seasoned and able to cope with any emergency.

A number of characters in Linden remind us of villagers in older novels of the small town: Josie Moffett and Tama Ducksworth have long trodden the Main Streets of American towns, as have Cliff Carter and cracker barrel philosophers like Charlie Moffett. In one character, the Reverend Orville J. Honeycutt, the author scores a success. Honeycutt by virtue of his wisdom, kindliness, and deformity seems warmer and more real than the traditional figures mentioned. Neither London nor Kathie take on more than two dimensions.

A certain amount of attention is paid to "democracy" in the book, but this appears ultimately factitious rather than genuine. The Upjohns are taken to represent "the people" in their "terrible meekness." But it is hard to see that they really do so. All of them side with Wingo at a critical juncture in the story, but only one of them, Old Newt Upjohn, really sympathizes wtih the preacher; the remaining members of the family merely vote for Wingo because their leader does. Moreover, the fence-straddlers act as fence-straddlers always do; they climb over into the more advantageous field.

The style of James Street is deliberately casual; at times his scenes evoke a pathos that is compelling, but the book has no large meaning nor validity. It is, in fact, just another novel .

CHARLES DUFFY.

The Inner Forum

"Labor and the Common Good"

AT THE state convention of the Illinois Federation of Labor at Springfield, October 29, Bishop James A. Griffin of Springfield delivered the opening address. Here is an important excerpt:

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"American industry has come to the crossroads, but only the intellectually myopic refuse to admit it. The massing forces of organized labor, uniting as never before, are voicing by concerted action the plea of the working man for social justice. The voice of American labor will be heard! Those glib propagandists of a decadent social era, with tired accents, still harp with deceptive rhetoric on the old theme that 'free competition is an American heritage.' They forget, however—or perhaps they never knew—that there is as much difference between 'free' competition and 'unlicensed' competition, as there is between 'freedom of expression' and 'libel.' When an employer uses his right of 'free competition' to the unjust oppression of his employee, he stands just as guilty before the bar of Divine Justice as does a man who bears false witness against his neighbor.

"That labor will achieve its rightful place in the economic pattern of peace-time America is a foregone conclusion. It is, to borrow a phrase from Edna St. Vincent Millay, as inevitable as a bomb that has already been dropped from an airplane. The aims of organized labor, however, can only be achieved in one of two ways: first—by a meeting of industrial minds, of employer and employed, and the consequent working-out of a mutual program equitable to both, or, second—by Government control! The former is consonant with Democracy, the latter fastens the inexorable padlock of Socialism. Which shall it be? Shall it be a nation-wide agreement of occupational groups of all types of industry, fixing their own wage scales, working hours, and closed shop contracts—or shall it be more uncomfortable rides in the arms of ejecting soldiers by dispossessed and disgruntled executives? The answer lies with capital and labor. The time has come to make your decision!

"Organized labor has gathered too much momentum to be stopped by ineffective headlines in prejudiced newspapers, or by truculent attempts to resurrect unfair employment practices, such as the 'yellow dog' contract. The sooner the leaders of American industrial management decide—on all fronts—to sit down and talk things over with conscientious representatives of organized labor, the sooner will Henry Wallace's symbolic goal of sixty million jobs become a reality!

"In conference with several arbitration board officials, I have also learned that there is another side of the picture. Therefore, let me issue this warning . . . Organized labor has been given a definite black-eye—and I'm not so sure that some of it wasn't deserved—by the presence in labor's ranks of profiteering labor organizers, of graft-tainted walking delegates, of out-and-out racketeers. That's why, a moment ago, I said that social justice will be obtained by open and above-board discussions between management and *conscientious* representatives of labor. A word to the wise is sufficient!

"Some future—let us say, interplanetary—historian might well look with incredible wonder on the blundering efforts of human-kind to work out its material destiny on an earth over which it enjoyed unchallenged mastery. Man, made the very lord of creation, he who in turn harnessed the power of streams, retrieved with his engineering skill the buried mineral wealth of his planet, he who but recently imprisoned within a relatively small implement of warfare, the cosmic fury of the sun itself—Man, we might say, will remain an enigma to all the universe because of his stupid submission to and degrading enslavement by social and economic forces of his own fabrication.

New Publication . . .

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THE STATE IN CATHOLIC THOUGHT is a study of political philosophy and political history. Certain principles are independent of changing historical conditions, others must be evaluated in the light of such conditions. Persons interested in political science and the art of government will do well to know these principles and to be guided by them. Then by the application of sound principles to actual questions, we can approach the right solution of political problems.

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"Man, in his laudable efforts to assert his own prowess, allowed his personal greed and selfish ambition, due in part to the perversity of his fallen nature, to exploit his less fortunately endowed fellow man. This gave rise to a social structure founded on uncontrolled individualism, which has for centuries completely disregarded the natural and positive laws of justice, robbed the workingman of fair compensation, decent hours and working conditions, and ruthlessly despoiled him of his full human dignity as well.

"Two men in the nineteenth century looked with compassion on this unworthy spectacle of millions upon millions of men, no more the masters of their own material welfare than were the galley-slaves of ancient tyrants. One of these men was Karl Marx, whose treatise 'Das Kapital' nurtured a social system that has boomeranged into one of the most oppressive forms of human slavery ever witnessed in the Christian era. The other was Pope Leo XIII, hailed by the secular press of his generation as 'the Pope of the workingman,' whose encyclical 'Rerum Novarum' outlined the fundamental principles and the means of attaining wholesome and lasting Christian social justice. . . .

"Naturally, I could never outline the whole plan of Christian social justice . . . in a brief address. . . . Bishop Haas, with whose work you are all familiar, maintains that a well-balanced social structure will never be achieved until capital and labor realize that they are both bound, not only to respect the individual rights of one another, but a *third right* which demands recognition as well. As Bishop Haas points out:

> Up to the present time the practice has been to think of only two parties as having an interest in any given employment contract—the worker and the employer. Pope Pius XI insists that three parties have a direct and immediate interest—the worker, the employer, and the general public. The addition of the third party is of paramount importance. It marks the difference between the acceptance and the rejection of the social character of work.

The general public! How often does consideration for the economic welfare of the whole people enter into the ordinary wage--contract? 'True and genuine social order demands various members of society, joined together by a firm bond,' wrote Pope Pius XI, 'and such a bond is provided . . . by the common good which all groups should unite to promote.' . . ."

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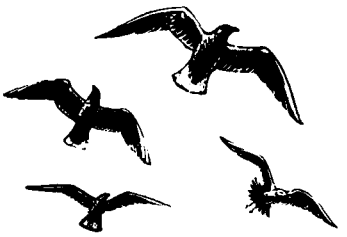

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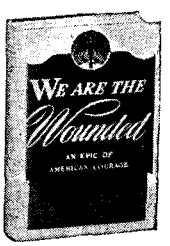

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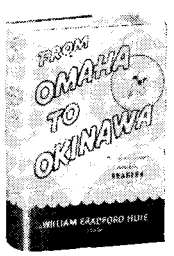

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